

THE  
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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J. W. QUEEN, JR., N. J. LOCK BOX 17.

VOL. XLII.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 8

*Was Kingsley a Novelist?*

IT IS the most natural thing in the world, when we stand before Munkacsy's famous picture, or before that of a storm at sea, or of a battle where men's passions find full sway and men's lives are swept away in clouds, or of any work of art that impresses us deeply—to conclude, on recognizing the work of a master's hand, that it is the achievement of one whose life was devoted to art only. We would reach the same conclusion after reading any one of the striking episodes of Dickens or Thackeray, or that of the death of the monk in the "Cloister and the Hearth," or of the vision of the shepherds, or the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Whatever else we may say, even if we question the inspiration, we never, for an instant, doubt that the hand that wrought was that of a professed artist or author; in short, that we have before us the net result of some man's existence. And if he has succeeded in arousing our interest, or touching our hearts by portraying what he himself has known or experienced, we have no hesitation in calling the result a worthy one.

The February number of *Scribner's Magazine*, of which 125,000 copies have been ordered as a first edition, will contain an article, by Mr. John C. Ropes, upon the "Likenesses of Julius Cesar," with eighteen portraits, one of which, engraved by Mr. W. B. Closson, will be the frontispiece of the number. A new story is begun in the same number, by Mr. F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), entitled, "The Residuary Legatee." The second instalment of ex-Minister Washburn's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," is of the greatest interest, describing as it does the most interesting phases of the siege.

The leading article of *Harper's Magazine* is the first half of Sir Edward J. Reed's important paper on European navies of the Continent. The series of Southern articles, which promises to be one of the chief features of the Magazine for 1887, is begun by Charles Dudley Warner's paper on New Orleans, with twenty-one illustrations, by W. H. Gibson and other artists. The Russian novel "Narka," by Kathleen O'Meara, starts out with remarkable vigor. Theodore Child, the Parisian art critic, contributes a timely and readable review of the French Impressionist Painters and their peculiarities. Mr. Howells, in the Editor's Study, writes entertainingly of holiday literature.

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IT IS the most natural thing in the world, when we stand before Munkacsy's famous picture, or before that of a storm at sea, or of a battle where men's passions find full sway and men's lives are swept away in clouds, or of any work of art that impresses us deeply—to conclude, on recognizing the work of a master's hand, that it is the achievement of one whose life was devoted to art only. We would reach the same conclusion after reading any one of the striking episodes of Dickens or Thackeray, or that of the death of the monk in the "Cloister and the Hearth," or of the vision of the shepherds, or the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Whatever else we may say, even if we question the inspiration, we never, for an instant, doubt that the hand that wrought was that of a professed artist or author; in short, that we have before us the net result of some man's existence. And if he has succeeded in arousing our interest, or touching our hearts by portraying what he himself has known or experienced, we have no hesitation in calling the result a worthy one.

All this seems true and trite and obvious enough; but is it true of Charles Kingsley? The literary counterparts of all these scenes, whether grave or gay, pathetic or sublime, are found in his novels. There, too, is inspiration most unquestionably. No particle of evidence is wanting to show that his name belongs high up in what we may call the professional column, and here, at first reading, we will be sure to place it.

To call this a mistake in the beginning, or to say that he was not a novelist, would be too radical a statement perhaps. But the careful study of the relation of the man to his books, of the purpose expressed in them, and of his life before and after they were written, will show that a far higher place than this is justly his due.

Two marked elements find their source in his earlier life, and may be traced through all his writings. The first is his familiarity with scenes of suffering, such as those of the coast, which he described years afterward in the "Song of the Three Fishers," as well as those which touched him more directly. The second is his experience of a terrible battle with skepticism. It came to him during his college life, was fought and won after a manner which we shall see, and, of course, shaped his whole future. As soon as it was decided, he turned from law to the church, entered holy orders, became curate of Eversley and afterward rector, married, and for thirty-three years devoted himself to the suffering poor about him, and endeavored to relieve their distress with his meager salary. It was this necessity, not desire for fame or a new field of labor, that gave to the world the novels of Charles Kingsley.

*Yeast*, his first work, was published in 1848. As is natural, it reflects more of his life and character than any succeeding one, and for this reason, will best repay our study. We find what we seek, first, the effect produced in him by the evils which he saw about him, then a type of the struggle through which he had passed, and lastly, the course of thought which restored him to himself.



As to the first, he saw what few were willing to believe, the miserable life of the laborer, half fed, half clothed, half housed, familiar with filth and crime, exposed to every kind of disease and death; he had witnessed the Chartist Riots and learned that there was one noble idea among those degraded intellects—the idea that they were human beings and entitled to recognition as such; he saw that the clergyman proffering purely spiritual aid and the occasional almsgiver did but intensify the evil they sought to mitigate. And he learned that the more intellectual class of young men, seeing the existing condition of affairs, the church apparently powerless, despising the example of so many who professed belief in God and faithfully served Satan, disgusted that the Church of England allowed so many lives to be spent in earthy torment and that threatened yet more hereafter, were either turning as an alternative to the Romish church or openly renouncing faith in the deity of Christianity and the universe. His spirit cried out, and in *Yeast* we have a picture of all this and a question without an answer—what shall be done? That question is as pertinent to-day as ever. What one man could do, Kingsley did, by personal aid, and more, in calling the world's attention. This grand object inspires the book, gives it its name, and makes it most interesting to the student of purpose.

Secondly, there is the author's truer personality revealed in the character of Lancelot. There are his own early doubts described as "seeing but himself, the world, and, far above them all, a dim, awful unity, which is but a notion." He makes Lancelot seek for evidence of a personal Deity, and then leads him out of the labyrinth of painful indecision.

It is folly to hope to see the Unseen; but God must manifest himself, if at all, in man and in the world. We have an ideal of manly character and manly duty, strong, upright, kind, earnest, toward which we strive more or less vainly to approach. Whence comes our ideal? Is it a work of Deity,

a reflection of Him; could it exist without his consent and inspiration? Evil exists also; but evil destroys our ideal; destroys all the works of the Creator, and the moral faculties which frown upon the destroying agent are a manifestation of the Creator in us.

An ideal man, or one approaching perfection, once lived. Grant only His perfect manhood. Whence was His will to be a perfect man? Whence His power to do what all other men failed to do? Whence His desire to sacrifice life itself for a formula of words whose truth all men denied? If that life were perfect, was not the mind that directed it wholly perfect, and as wholly Divine as our minds are in part?

The ideal of humanity must be a person; logic cannot produce an impersonal ideal of a personal species. Man alone of creation is a son, with a Father to love and obey. Such must his ideal be.

We have often felt a longing for guidance; for some mighty spirit to strengthen ours; for some teacher of whose teaching there could be no doubt. We have tried one and another; but even the noblest was not what we sought. Does not this dissatisfaction show that the true Inspirer must be, not a person simply, but a person infinite, eternal, omniscient?

If so, is not the Unseen manifest in each human heart, and must not the one acknowledged perfect man have been Divine indeed? Then His message was true. His mission was to us; and that "dim, awful Unity," of which Lancelot speaks, of which He the perfect man was part, becomes the living, personal God of the imperfect man.

Such is the implied argument upon which the second distinctive feature of this book is based. It is worth while to note, in passing, the result of its publication. It brought its author, not fame only, but a flood of unexpected work. His words echoed everywhere; and many who found themselves or their friends described in his pages, rushed to him for advice, through correspondence. This burden increased

as the number of his books increased. Churchman and Catholic, gentleman and laborer, believer and skeptic, all sought of him the answer to his burning questions. Opposition sprung up also; inevitable fate of those who dare think for themselves. The book was pronounced immoral, dangerous, heretical; was abused by reviewers, and even by brother churchmen.

Most widely read of all his novels, and most completely opposed to *Yeast* in all respects, is *Hypatia*. It is more distinctively literary in character and style; continuous in action with less of disquisition; full of light on a dark period of history. Like the battle scene already referred to, it is of intense and painful interest, but it is not the pain of a present evil. As before, it brings bare reality before us; and more than the other did it elicit opposing opinions from all classes, and at once make for its author friends and enemies. These thank him for assistance; those complain of injustice to the Romish church; others term it immoral.

As a work of art, *Hypatia* is constructed more in accordance with the ordinary romantic style; and so the question has been asked whether another hand than a clergyman's should not have written it? There is but one answer—no hand but his could have produced it, and the world is richer and better for the book. As we examine it, we find still the one earnest motive at the foundation. Kingsley did not believe that by ignoring the existence of evil it could more easily be resisted, and he had a rare faculty for seeing and stating both sides of every question. But every character has its solemn lesson. In Cyril is shown the fierce temptation and the false principle of doing evil that good may come, that made the Roman Church an engine of death for centuries; while in Augustine Pambo, and others, whose words are taken from existing records, we have representatives of true principle in that church. The skeptic re-appears in Raphael the Jew, in a new phase, passing from doubts of the spiritual to doubts of the material, of his own

existence, at which he hurls unsparing sarcasm: "I am I, an axiom, indeed! How do I know that I am not anyone else? I feel a number of sensations, longings, thoughts, fancies, fresh ones every moment, and each at war, tooth and nail, with all the rest; and then, on the strength of this infinite multiplication and contradiction, I am to stand up and swear stoutly that I am one thing, when I am conscious of so many things! Why should I not be all that I feel—that sky, those clouds?"

Hypatia, herself, specifically teaches 'hat so-called philosophy can satisfy the needs of no human soul, and that the end of all human effort is failure, entire or partial, according to the degree of Divine blessing.

So throughout. No one can read *Hypatia* and say that it has not helped him to think and to discern Truth. Yet, probably, no book ever written presents a more daring picture of the soul losing its hold of every support and floundering darkly through a chaos of warring elements.

As in these, so in all Kingsley's other novels, without stopping to view them from an æsthetic standpoint, we shall find the same realism; and especially the same unmistakable purpose. That purpose we are now able to define. It is to advance the claims of Christianity.

Not as the ordinary writer, who makes his characters orthodox because orthodoxy is approved in polite society; not as the narrow-minded and prejudiced sectarian. He towers above these; he hesitates not to grapple with the deepest questions of heaven and earth; he shuns nothing, ignores nothing; in the midst of the dreaded quicksand he finds solid footing. Among all the novels in existence, in fearless and lofty sweep over the whole range of thought, in contempt of petty forms of argument, and in the energy with which they press toward their objective point, his stand alone.

As they were so was his life. Compelled to write as a mere matter of income, he lost sight of that in pursuing his lofty aim. So whatever his occupation, whatever his

strait or disappointment, he forgot it, brushed it aside, or turned it so as to advance his object. Not a novelist, but a teacher of Divine truth; not a slave of the people, but a priest of the Most High. Such ever was Charles Kingsley.

We see it still more plainly when we glance at that part of his life following the period of authorship. That glance, though brief, must be a sad one, not simply because it shows us the decline of a noble life, but because he was struck down so soon after he attained to the fulfillment of his cherished dream; of a time when he might lay down his pen and devote himself entirely to his chosen service.

That time came, and with it came honors thick and fast, positions of compliment, royal recognition, the friendship of his peers, a lectureship at Cambridge. He was appointed canon of Chester, and finally of Westminster. Higher distinction was before him, and, though his only ambition was satisfied, it is probable that in a few years more the memory of Kingsley the novelist, would have been overshadowed by that of Kingsley the churchman.

But the splendid physical strength that had upheld him so long was gone, and, like a tree in full fruitage, whose roots have become loosened in the earth, he fell. Not in fear or pain, for of this time he had often said, "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity."

So lived and died Canon Kingsley; his character grand and unique among either novelists or churchmen. Comparisons are vain, except, perhaps, one; that in the bond of suffering which united the lives of nearly all eminent in literature he had his full share. We trace it in that undertone of sadness, often apparent even in his lightest mood. And it was this that gave us that exquisitely beautiful poem, whose lines, familiar to us from childhood, expressed the feelings of his own heart no less than those of the fishers of the coast:—

"The sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

*The Vesper Hymn.*

FROM the crimson gates of the evening sky,  
 From the glowing sunset sky,  
 Trembles a song on the quiet air,  
 Sweetly freeing my heart from care,  
 And leaving a heavenly blessing there,  
 Trembles then passes by.  
 Music as from a celestial choir  
 Of angels that sing to the notes of a lyre,  
 In aisles rufescent as liquid fire,  
 In the splendid palace on high.

From the fairy hues of the golden sky,  
 From the magical halls of the sky,  
 Fall on my ear and softly dwell,  
 Entrancing me with their mystic spell,  
 The strains that rise and falter and swell,  
 That peal and tremble, and die.  
 And my soul is exalted with sad delight,  
 As the vesper hymn in the waning light  
 Floats sweetly o'er with a soft good-night;  
 And with my sigh  
 The last words die with the fading light;  
 Good night, good night.

*The Heir-loom of the Elliots.*

WE ELLIOTS have been an ill-starred race, and the misfortunes of our family have left their shadows on our faces.

I seldom go near that dark room in the east wing of our house, where hang the pictures of my ancestors. Stern-browed, gloomy men, and pensive, melancholy women eye you suspiciously from the walls. The sun scarce ever enters there, for I dread—though I know not why—to have his honest beams search those down-cast, secret countenances that glower on every side.

There is but one portrait among them all which it cheers the heart to look upon. This portrait can alone induce me to enter that ghostly chamber, and I have placed it near the door so the light can find it alone, and so I need not to pass far into the room. It is the picture of a woman—not one of those dazzling creatures who are almost painful in their brilliancy, but one of those whose soft face, lighted with a soothing smile, reminds one of a summer sun-set in its half-sad, beautiful glow. Could she have been the mother of those other somber-looking men and matrons? Tradition says she was, and, for the honor of our family, I would fain believe it. Yet it is sorrowful to think what grievous wrong and untold woe must have darkened her life that its gloom must rest upon the features of her descendants.

When I was a little child I was of a brooding turn of mind, and I loved to muse on the faces in the dark picture-gallery and associate with each of them stories of my own imagining. And, more often than on the rest, I dwelt on the face of the beautiful lady and tried to conjure up the picture of the young and handsome lover that I felt sure had won her hand.

When I was about six years old I was, one bleak, winter day, amusing myself, as usual, in my favorite haunt, when, in one of the darkest corners of the room, I saw a picture which had hitherto escaped my notice. Its face was turned to the wall and it had hung so long in that position that cobwebs covered it. At once an overmastering curiosity took possession of me to see the picture, and with hands trembling, I knew not why, I turned it about.

A face evil and forbidding glared upon me, whose lurid eyes burned into my heart, till in an agony of fear I fainted. My mother found me in this condition, and by evening had succeeded in partially calming me; but a great dread that I could not explain grew up in my mind—a dread which perversely grew to belief, that the beautiful lady whose face I loved to look upon and that nightmare countenance were



connected in some mysterious way. I could not drive the idea from my mind, and it distressed me so that I resolved to ask my father about the matter when he came home. I remember that evening well.

My father returned from his office tired and somewhat out of sorts, but as it was the evening of his thirty-sixth birthday—and we always made much of our birthdays when I was young—the other children and myself tried our best to interest and please him. He noticed our unusual attentions and when mother came in with a foot-rest which she said the children wished to give him for his birthday, he suddenly put his hand to his face and a shudder seemed to pass through him as he muttered, "Thirty-six, thirty-six—am I thirty-six to-night?"

My mother noticed his apparent nervousness, and so sent the younger children to bed, thinking they disturbed him, but I, being the eldest, was allowed to remain a little longer.

We then sat for some time in silence, mother sewing, father staring into the fire and I sitting by him, hesitating to awake him from his reverie, yet burning to ask about the pictures.

Suddenly I blurted out, "Father, did that ugly man whose picture is turned to the wall ever harm the pretty lady?" He gazed intently on me, yet as if he heard me in a dream. A look of cruel malignity crept over his features, while a baleful fire burst from his eyes, and I was held frozen with terror by the reality of the face I had seen.

I heard my mother's voice sounding muffled and distant, crying, "James, James," and father answering in fierce despair, "Too late; your warning came too late."

When I awoke from my apparent trance father was writhing in agony upon the sofa and talking incoherently. That night he died.

But the strangest thing about it all was that, as I since discovered, my grandfather and, in fact, all my ancestors, went mad and died in a similar manner at about the age of thirty-six.



My father's death and its attendant circumstances deepened the natural melancholy of my disposition, and still further stimulated my now morbid curiosity in regard to the pictures, for I could not forget the dreadful expression on my father's face, so like that face in the picture turned to the wall.

I searched the musty records of our family, hoping to find some account of our early ancestors, but the facts I discovered only served to deepen the mystery, while at the same time exerting a fear that a great wrong had been committed by our first ancestor, which was to be atoned for by the misfortune resting on our family.

You must know that all tradition pointed back to two brothers, James and Alton Elliot, of Otterburne, of whom James, the younger, was the founder of our family, from whom all the oldest sons have been, as I think, unfortunately named. They both fixed their affections on the same lady—Dunalda, the beautiful lady whose picture so pleased my childish imagination.

Alton, tall and handsome, with frank and generous demeanor, was thought, of course, to be the successful suitor, and the surprise was great when it was reported that James, not Alton, had won Dunalda's hand.

I never liked to think on that sour-visaged James; there was an unwholesome air of mystery about him, and his tenants said that he always cast a darker shadow than other men. His powerful fascination for Dunalda has always puzzled me, for I never could discover what such a woman, whose soul was in her eyes, and whose kind heart was seen in every action, had in common with a man of James' stern and secret nature. Alton generously left his rival in possession of the estate, and went abroad, where in time he married and had one son, who was, of course, the heir of Otterburne.

This child, at the death of his mother, was sent back to Scotland, and at the urgent request of his father, Dunalda

promised to take charge of the boy's education till he came of age. But her nephew had not lived a year at Otterburne when his untimely death was announced, and almost immediately after, Dunalda also died, as it was said, in giving birth to a son. This was all that I could gather, with the exception of one tradition, which, though seemingly unimportant, yet clung with such persistency to my mind that I came to entertain a superstitious feeling that it was somehow interwoven with my life. It was said that one wild evening Dunalda's little son was sleeping uneasily by the great fire in the hall-way, when one of those seers who roamed the hills of Scotland, claiming to be inspired, knocked at the castle gates and asked for shelter. He was admitted and conducted to the fire near which the child was sleeping. As his keen eyes peered from behind the mist of hair and beard which enveloped his head, he perceived the child, and, looking intently on him, he was heard to mutter, "Thou art the child of fear, and thy children shall be children of fear, and only sorrow shall conquer fear." The boy grew to manhood, and had fair prospects of a peaceful life, when at the age of thirty-six, the age at which James was when Dunalda died, he suddenly went mad, as all the rest of us Elliots ever since have done. These facts, I say, were all I could gather. In themselves they were by no means enlivening, and when I considered further, that in all probability, I too would become a victim to our inherited curse, I was in a fair way to go mad before the proper time.

To counteract these morbid tendencies, I plunged heart and soul into business, in which I, in a short time, obtained considerable success, and as I continued to prosper and made a home for myself, my wife and only son filled my heart with a blessed sunlight which gradually replaced those dream shadows that had infected my young manhood.

But for some time past, however, my business had gone wrong, I was anxious, and troubled with excessive nervousness and insomnia, and when I did sleep sombre scenes con-

tinually visited me. One evening I returned home more depressed than usual, and though my wife tried her best to cheer me, yet I could not rouse myself from an utter weariness and despondency which weighed me down.

Presently Mary said, "Come, dear, you must cheer up for Jamie's sake at least; he has been out skating and expects to come back earlier than usual, for it is the evening of your thirty-sixth birthday, you know, and he expects"—

"Thirty-six, thirty-six, am I thirty-six to-night?" I exclaimed; then that same thirty years before flashed before me and I heard my father saying the same words I had just uttered.

For a moment a dizziness came over me, a tumult like the engulfing sea sounded in my ears, and then, with a great and forboding weight at my heart, I found myself looking up at a massive and gloomy castle reared on a precipitous mountain side, about whose lofty turrets the gier eagle wheeled. Down the rugged glen near by a wild torrent moaned as if sorely bruised by the great rocks over which it ran. I seemed to be familiar with the scene, as if I had passed my life there. The frowning walls and the dark banners drooping over them, the lowered portcullis and the pathway trailing upwards in long, slow windings, as if it dreaded reaching the grim, forbidding gateway—I recognized them all, and with increasing fear, I knew that I must enter that dark file.

And now I was within the castle, in a lofty chamber whose walls were hung with rich and heavy tapestry, on which were depicted the joyless splendors of the Roman court. Nero, haggard and sleepless in his golden house, and the murderous Caligula with vacant eye and restless step pacing at dead of night his gorgeous halls. A bright fire danced on the hearth and the great oak beams overhead glowed in the generous light, while the dark corners of the room gathered their shadows still closer about them, as if to shield themselves from the light. A young boy was lying

on the soft rug before the fire, his head resting on his hands, while the curls falling over his face screened it from the blaze. As I watched the gentle and intelligent expression in his eyes and thought what promise of a noble life was there, I became aware of another presence in the room, and from behind the tapestry stole a dark figure who seemed to walk in woolen slippers, so noiseless was his coming, and while I watched him I thought I was looking on myself, and a great fear swept over me, for now I knew what was to follow. The silent being, that was myself, yet not myself, glided behind the unconscious boy, and as it raised its hand to strike, I saw, pictured in the mirror, its half-averted, guilty face, swollen with hate and fear, the face that had haunted me in youth, yet now seemed the reflection of my own.

But as the dagger was descending in the stroke which I knew would drive me mad, from the doorway a wild-eyed woman, with hand uplifted in agonizing warning, rushed before me and I heard a low cry issuing from her clinched teeth, "James, James." I could see nothing but the beautiful Dunalda, the soft lines of her face hardened with horror, and I could hear nothing but the sharp concussion of those two words on my brain. And then, in the place of Dunalda, I was looking on the sorrowful countenance of my wife who was bending over me, and I knew, before a word was uttered, that at last "sorrow had conquered fear," and that, though I had been saved from madness by her cry, my James was dead. Drowned!

*To Tennyson.*

ON READING "LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER."

WHEN this century was younger and your eyes undimmed with years,  
Bright before you glowed the future, darkened not by gloomy fears.

Then your stirring cry was, "Forward!" Glad you hailed the coming race,  
And triumphant civilization moving on from place to place.

Now you sing a sad refrain, repeating ever ills and woes,  
As if all our great advances had but multiplied our foes.

Prophet, don again the robe! Proclaim the glorious things to be!  
Cheer us, for our hearts are heavy with the dangers that we see.

Look beyond the lowering clouds, dark, menacing in the sky;  
Sure, again the Heavens will brighten e'er the century comes to die.

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*The Arnold House.*

MANY people said that the old Arnold place was haunted; in fact it had fallen under such a ban in the neighborhood that no tenant could be found bold enough to occupy it, and all pedestrians whom necessity compelled to pass the house after dark hurried by with quickened step and frightened air. The house itself was a great rambling structure built scores of years ago and rapidly falling into decay. The superstition had clung about it for years, and I recollect that when a child I used to be terrified by stories of the spirit which haunted the spot, and the strange things which William Van Broeck had seen and heard during the week he had essayed to remain there. Such tales were told with bated breath and mysterious air beside many a hearthstone.

The estate was about three miles out of Tarrytown, and stood in a hollow thickly shaded with oaks and maples.

Through the trees the broad, blue expanse of the Hudson gleamed, its shores dotted by great white ice-houses, which looked like so many solemn Dutch burghers settled there to watch the tide of travel drift up and down the river.

The house was not without its romance, and I found many about the country side who knew all its history. In the year 1776 Elisha Arnold and his daughter, Dorothy, lived here, and, in spite of the war then in progress, dispensed lavish and elegant hospitality, handsomely entertaining any officers of the army who chanced to be stationed in that vicinity. To one of these brilliant entertainments in the old manor there came a young officer, Morgan Randolph, who was under the command of General Lee, known among the cavalry as "Light Horse Harry," and the story goes that the gallant Virginian fell in love with the fair Dorothy, and, wooing her, found she did not look with unfavorable eye upon his suit. Despite the clangor of arms in the land, there was no rude awakening from "love's young dream," and as time sped on the people about the country learned to know the tall, straight figure, clad in the gay uniform of the continental regiment, as he galloped along the roads on his sorrel mare, and no longer thought it strange when they heard the sound of hoof beats, or a brave voice merrily singing in the starlight, but with a smile would say, "It's Mistress Dorothy's soldier."

The time for the marriage had been fixed, and all in the grand mansion were busy day and night arranging for the happy bridal. It was but two days before the glad event, and Captain Randolph was expected from White Plains, where his company had been ordered, when a horseman came riding into the village bringing tidings which stopped the busy preparations at the Arnold house and turned all the joy to sorrow, for the report which came was of a battle at White Plains and of the death of Captain Randolph at the head of his troops.

When the news was told to Dorothy she fell in a swoon and was carried to her room, to be borne from there to her grave, for she never recovered; and the dress which was to have been her bridal robe served her as a shroud.

Such was the story as it was told to me. As to the truth of the superstition, did not Walter Van Mintern, who had taken a lease of the place and given it up at the end of two months, declare that on moonlight nights a little figure clad all in white could be seen leaning from a little dormer window, and then gliding silently through the great rooms and halls in search of her lost lover? Many gave credence to this statement; in fact, it was supposed to have been verified by two adventurous youths who claimed to have spent a night in the enchanted domain. But, in spite of all these assurances, I desired to know for myself, and, one day in October, resolved to investigate the Arnold ghost. I hesitated for some time as to whether I should take some one into my confidence and go with a companion or alone, and finally decided on the latter. So, late one afternoon, having made my preparations and worked my courage up to the proper point, I started out along the winding road, over hill and dale, past "Major Andre's Tree" and "Wiley's Swamp," and all the country made so familiar by Irving in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The evening was wild and gloomy; the yellow autumnal sunshine lit up the heavens with a weird light which was ghostly and unnatural; great masses of black cloud were scurrying across the sky, driven by the swift northeast wind which tossed the limbs of the giant trees and whirled the sere and yellow leaves in fantastic dances to the music of their own rustling. I was somewhat inclined to turn back, but my sense of pride and the thought of the gibes which would be launched at me for my lack of courage, impelled me to go on. A turn of the road and I came in sight of the old place. It was in a hollow which dropped into a gorge toward the west,



through which a little brook hastened in a noisy hurry to join the great current of the Hudson.

In front of the house, which was set well back from the road, a majestic elm spread its branches, whilst high up among the brown leaves, that noisy dandy, the blue-jay, sounded his varied and unmusical call. The deserted spot had no look of welcome, but summoning my resolution to my aid, I opened the rickety gate and walked up the tangled path, overgrown with rank weeds. The windows were stripped of glass and had a blank, dead look, which was melancholly in the extreme. Pushing open the door, which creaked a dismal warning on its rusty hinges, I found myself in the decaying home of a once wealthy and respected family. The hall was broad and remnants of handsome frescoes were on the weather-stained walls, but nearly all traces of color had been obliterated by time and rough usage. On the right and left were great doors with carved lintels and many panels, which led into lofty square rooms where cold, cavernous fire-places yawned beneath the tiles set one above another until they met the cornice which bordered the ceiling, and on each side of the high, narrow, black mantels were quaint little chimney cupboards, which were used, perhaps, to hold a flask or two of Medford rum.

After looking through these rooms I went up-stairs, and going into one of the desolate chambers to the right of the stair-way, put down my bundle and decided to sleep there, or at least wait and see whether the spirit of the gentle Dorothy would invoke or banish slumber.

The room faced toward the water, and as I stood, leaning from the casement, I could look far out and down the river; below, lay the "Tappan Zee," its surface flecked with white-caps, and showing a darker hue where a cats-paw fitfully swept across it; on the other side the cliffs rose steep and dark, the shadows at their base, thick and forbidding; the only ray of color in the sombre picture lying along their tops, where the brassy sunlight struck them, only to give



greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their sides. The hour was hushed and quiet, save for the wind, which came in sharp gusts, and died away to stillness.

The silence round-about me was intense; no sound of life could I hear save the chirping of the crickets, the sharp saw of the katydids and the out-of-tune, out-of-time accompaniment of the frogs in the swamp below, by the river. The lights along the shore flickered dimly and the clouds, hurrying across the sky, were like so many evil omens.

Then, do what I would, I could but recall all I had heard about Dorothy Arnold's ghost, and I seemed to hear the boards in the room creak and to feel a light figure standing behind me; it was like going down into the grave to turn to the dull, dead, mysterious interior of this old time-scarred house. The shadows gathered in the corners, and the doorways became great black frames, in which I waited for the picture of the past to re-appear. The room stretched away into uncanny space on every side, black, bare and chill, while the windows showed the angry sky beyond and the restless night-wind called hoarsely down the chimney, and the branches of the great tree outside the window groaned and creaked as they rubbed one against the other. It was a strange place to seek for a night's repose, and as I lay there I fell into a restless sleep, wondering about the unhappy spirit which was said to haunt it.

I was awakened by a cry savage and human enough, and a volley of oaths from the room below. Turning I peered through a crack in the gaping floor, and beheld no wan and gentle spectre gliding amidst ghostly shadows, but the glare of a wood fire, which flickered and flamed on the great hearth-stone, and sent clouds of sparks flying up the chimney, and before it two men struggling over what appeared to be a piece of money; their faces black and wrathful as the flames revealed the lines of demoniacal passion. There was a quick flash, a report and one figure fell with a groan to the floor while the other fled to outer dark-

ness. Horrified by what I had witnessed I pressed my hands before my eyes, and when next I ventured to look into the room below weird shapes were dancing on the discolored walls as the fire leaped up from the flaring embers, and brought out in sharp outline the rigid features of the man who lay silent and dead in the ghost-haunted house. Mustering my courage I arose and crept down the creaking stairs and out into the wild night, where the wind whirled by me and dashed the first great drops of an October rain in my face. How long that way seemed as I traversed it in darkness and fear! Every bush appeared a shrouded figure and every tree an enemy. At last I reached the village, and going to the sheriff told him what I had beheld; but the murderer never was caught, nor did he leave on his victim any clue to his identity.

The old Arnold place, shadowed by a second tragedy, is now more shunned than ever, and as for me—well, I have lost all curiosity with respect to haunted houses.

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*Dreaming.*

SOFTLY through my soul to-night  
Flows a mystical delight—  
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,  
Softly, gently beaming;  
And the sweetest music floats,  
As from distant angel throats,  
Swelling with seraphic notes  
For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes that seem to glow  
With a love that angels show,  
Far too deep for man to know,  
On me now are beaming;  
And my soul in sweet surprise,  
Calmly resting gently lies  
Gladdened by those tender eyes—  
Ah! I'm merely dreaming.

*Two French Artists.*

FOR an American who wishes to know something about the progress of France in this century, a knowledge of its art is needful. The French have applied their greatest energies to art; they have raised it from an humble, struggling position to the point which it has reached in our days; it has now become a source of wealth, and is continually elevating itself and progressing. Of the numerous French painters who have helped its progress, who have attained their fame either in Rome or Paris, we select Puvis de Chavannes and Bouguereau, because they are acknowledged by the people to be the most famous men of the French art school.

Totally different from one another, they are yet to be admired on account of that difference. Bouguereau is known in America. His graceful paintings always sell at extraordinary prices in New York or elsewhere. Puvis de Chavannes is only known in his own country; there he has been praised, criticized and finally awarded really the seat of honor in French art. He has exhibited for the last five years, and as the time of the Salon approaches, many are those who speak about the great Chavannes, write about him, praise or abuse him, according to their taste.

Why should he stand thus prominent before all others? Because the French, although a light people, yet possess in their nature that refined poetry and that sentiment which their neighbors across the channel have in a less degree; and Puvis de Chavannes has that poetry.

Not only this. He does not paint a picture for the sake of gain; but he wishes us to feel what magnetic power lies in the brush; he wishes to set before our eyes the moral side of art, the beauty of *poetic* art, and thus this great painter lays open noble truths, arouses noble emotions, elevates the mind, educates it.

Not afraid of expressing his sentiments on canvass, he thus has the courage to face and brave the world's criticisms, and he possesses that talent which, as Ruskin says, carries with it the greatest number of the greatest ideas. His painting is like fresco work; not as the frescoes of the old masters, stiff and mutilated by time, but a modern fresco work, whose pale outlines give it a character of its own. Intense religious feeling prevails among his works. His canvases are not in place on the walls of a large room, full of light and sunshine, but in a church, with the pale rays of the tapers thrown down on them. In the Pantheon his Legend of St. Genevieve is seen to perfection. Look at the horrible composition signed Bonat, and then turn to Chavannes' painting. The absurdity of Bonat's work is so great that a first glance is sufficient; but the artist will see in the calm scene so finely executed by the other master a something which he cannot express. Puvis de Chavannes is a wonderful genius, and, on this account, his work is often and severely criticized. Bouguereau has a style to totally different. Albert Wolff describes him when he says: "Classic antiquity still has its admirers, faithful to the consecrated myths. Bouguereau stands prominent among these. His drawing is perfect, his lines graceful; one cannot reproach him; the eye is satisfied, but the mind does not take part in it." Others say that he does not know what inspiration means. And why should he listen to the blame constantly heaped upon him? He has his convictions; he is the "protestation of science against the invasion of ignorance."

Bouguereau's science is prodigious; he knows everything which can be known; his hand is sure, his colors rich and soft. The beauty in his works lies in the perfect outlines, in the ideal faces and forms of his men and women, in the purity, freshness and innocence which breathe forth from his paintings. A lover of the beautiful, he succeeds in expressing that perfect beauty. And thus in his nude, we

find nothing sensual; but in it the thinker finds thought; the saint, sanctity; the anatomist, form.

Bouguereau is struggling against the modern current, against the uneducated, against all that rabble of young students who seem to think that there is nothing noble and great left in art, who, instead of advancing art, are doing everything to advance, on the contrary, its fall. The ideal in art is little known—Michael Angelo, Raphaël are forgotten, and so Bouguereau, the Raphaël, the Murillo of the nineteenth century, is thought of as "*mesquin*."

The great difference between Bouguereau and Chavannes lies in the fact that the former is a painter and knows what drawing means, while the latter is a poet and a dreamer.

To illustrate better this difference, choose two celebrated pictures of both these men: first, one of Puvis de Chavannes. In the Paris Salon of 1882, we find this wonderful execution. Young Picards stand in a fair and spring-like meadow, exercising with the lance. Besides the young men, vying among themselves who shall throw with the most dexterity, there are women also, some at work and others looking up to an old warrior with faces full of attention. That which adds another charm to the canvas is the children, naked, round-limbed, one weeping bitterly, another crawling along on the turf to console his brother.

All this scene, placed in this green landscape, with its misty background, might well represent Prosperity or Peace, so great is the calmness, the contentment depicted on every face. A woman alone, wrinkled and old, dreamily gazing on a child before her, is thinking, perhaps, of some by-gone sorrow.

If we took this large work apart we could form three pictures, beautiful in themselves, but these three parts unite so well into one that they constitute an "ensemble" full of life, activity and peace.

When this picture was sent to the Salon it was something new. Every small, glaring painting near it seemed insigni-

nificant, and the whole attention rested on that serene and calm canvas, executed by a masterly hand. In it was skill, delicacy and deep sentiment.

Bonguereau's "*Chef-d'œuvre*" is found in the Luxembourg. His Birth of Venus is so grand in thought, so noble in execution, so idealistic, that the picture is approached with reverence. The treatment of it leaves no flaw; that purity which characterizes all his works is again found here. The flight of the cupids in the distance is full of grace, the Venus beautifully formed, rising from the ocean in all her majesty, is so perfect that never has any critic been able to point out defects. The long flowing hair forms a dark background to the fair form of the goddess, whose only fault is to be too beautiful. To describe the picture is nearly impossible. It is the great ideal painting in French art.

Which of the two is the more eminent artist?

This question cannot be answered, simply because they are masters each in their particular school. Puvis de Chavannes has painted very bad pictures. Bouguereau could not paint a bad one if he tried, but some of them are most uninteresting, and the time spent in painting them has been wasted.

Art in England slumbers; in Germany it is at a stand-still; in Italy it is dead, but in France it is still great; it is loved by the people, born in them, encouraged by them. Americans are, as a rule, fond of art, but the mass of the people know or care nothing about it. Many misunderstand art, think it to be destructive of whatever is best and noblest in humanity. This is false. If we follow this principle, we shall never comprehend that talent which is the expression of man's delight in God's work. Our manufactures advance commerce, our literature renders a man cultivated, but great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life.

## Voices.

### *A Suggestion.*

THE number of books taken out of the library up to February first, of the present academic year, shows, according to the statistics recently published, a decided falling off from that of previous years. The figures are 3,894 this year, as against 4,125 for the same period last year, and 4,595 for 1884-85. When we consider that in addition to this falling off, the amount of reading done in the library is, of necessity, a mere fraction of what it used to be, it becomes evident that the usefulness of the library has been materially decreased.

It is but natural that this state of things should be deplored and that some remedy should be sought. It is not our purpose here to inveigh against the "fence," as that institution has shown itself to be proof against all assaults; but, with the conviction that a half, or even a quarter of a loaf is better than no bread, we wish to urge the adoption of a plan which seems to us to combine the advantages of the old and new systems, and to offer a practical and permanent solution of the much-agitated library question.

The plan we wish to see given a trial is that Seniors be admitted within the alcoves. This could easily be carried out without conflicting in the least with the present arrangements for the three lower classes, and, we are assured, with very little risk that the privilege would be abused. Seniors would not be apt to forfeit the right of a free use of the books by carelessness in returning them to their proper places upon the shelves, and the fact that they were constantly under the eyes of the assistants would, without involving at all any "system of espionage," prove an effec-



tual check to irregular borrowing. The advantages of this scheme, on the other hand, are so patent that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. Every student could then enjoy, for one year of his course, and that the year when the privilege would be best appreciated, the unrestricted use of a large library. He could there cultivate that extensive acquaintance with both the outside and inside of books which is indispensable to the kindling of a true literary enthusiasm, and is the vital air of the literary man. Those of us who were in College during the old régime look back upon the time spent in the "penetralia" of the alcoves as among the pleasantest and best-spent hours of our course, and it is with the hope not only of again enjoying ourselves, but of having others enjoy the benefits of that system, that we venture to speak of this already too-familiar subject.

W. H. J.

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### *One Phase of German Education.*

OUR judgment of any object is, at best, variable. We ourselves are but creatures of circumstances, and as our circumstances are continually changing, we must change with them. So much for the subjective aspect. But this judgment has also an objective side, for the object involved varies with its surroundings. The German student is a very good illustration of this principle. When you see him trudging along one of the well-built roads of Saxony, perhaps on his way to the "Black Forest," or even to Switzerland, with his knapsack flung over his back, and every now and then stopping at some "Gasthof" along the road to assuage his thirst with that inexhaustible "*bier*," your idea of him is far different from the one you may have formed when you last saw him busy at his pleasant task at one of the famous universities of Germany. It is one of the chief



characteristics of German students, that after a semester of hard and diligent work, they fling away dull care and are accustomed to take a long tramp to the famous "Black Forest," or even into Switzerland. This very trait makes you admire them. When they work, they work, and when they play, they play. There is no half-heartedness about their studies or their pleasures. Right here lies one of the principal causes of that wonderful system of education whose beneficial influence is yearly enjoyed by so many graduates of our American colleges. The German student is as fond of his work as he is of his play. He pays the deepest attention to the lectures, and may often be seen discussing and talking over his studies with his friends. There is as much enthusiasm among them for an abstract theme or a scientific subject they are investigating as there is among us American students when we are interested in our athletic sports and contests. This studying is their business, their profession, and they know it; and the mass of them would no more think of "cutting" lectures than a botanist would of ridding himself of his flowers or a lawyer of his briefs. Of course there are exceptions, but these only go to prove the general rule among them there is generally this high intellectual enthusiasm which seems to be so sadly needed in our colleges. To the majority of our students business is a bore—a task—a punishment. There are comparatively few who are enthusiastic or even deeply interested in their studies. With some of the best minds half of the laborious efforts of the four years are spent in gulling tutors and trying to escape the necessity of reciting. If the lesson is postponed or the lecture put off it is considered a victory. The question then naturally arises, what is the cause of this difference? It is not, as many would think, on the great disparity of years, for the average ages of entrance to the universities is not much greater than ours. Nor can this difference be explained by the different nature of the subjects studied, as the latter part of our courses are very similar to theirs.

What then is the cause? It seems to us that the prominent and perhaps the main reason is that the German system from beginning to end is a *voluntary system*. No student is obliged to attend a lecture. In reality no account is taken of his absence. He can come or stay away, just as he pleases. No strict supervision is maintained over him with respect to his studies. The whole subject is left to himself, and he alone must decide for himself in view of his own common sense and responsibility. In fact, he is treated as a *man*—as a reasoning and responsible creature. The result is that, in the main, he acts like one. The idea of compulsion is not brought to him, but, on the contrary, he becomes aware of the fact that study is a privilege, an intellectual pleasure. In this respect, viz., the general enthusiasm in the studies pursued, we think the universities of Germany far excel our own.

W. H. F.

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### *Our Patriotism.*

IN THE January number of the *LIT.* appeared a Voice, deprecating Princeton's lack of public men. There was a time when the *alumni* of Old Nassau were honored for their practical interest in the public welfare; when many stood high in the ranks of American statesmen. That such is no longer the case, at a period when the nation is confronted with questions as momentous as have ever arisen, may well be deplored.

But we have a more urgent duty than to grieve over our misfortune. We must find the causes, and then apply a remedy.

One of the factors that produce this unfortunate result is perhaps close at hand. Notwithstanding such orations and debates as we may hear on national questions, we are all conscious that in these subjects there is far too little interest.

Listening to contests in which our interest is centered in the speakers rather than the subject, cannot take the place of personal investigation, and our curriculum work is nearly all of such a nature as to divert our minds from such subjects.

That the college could be aroused to interest in these questions the success of the recent library meeting amply proves.

Granting that our essays should be devoted to literary, philosophical and historical subjects, should not a part of our orations, at least, be devoted to national questions? The "college oration" has no place in practical life. When a college man is called upon to speak after his day of graduation it is upon questions of present interest, and for such occasions we should now be more directly preparing. Strictly literary work need not suffer in the least. It would probably be benefited, for variety gives interest.

To those of our alumni who now represent us in the honor rolls of the nation we owe our gratitude, but to the task of remedying our deficiency we owe thoughtful consideration and persevering energy.

Princeton should produce not only scholars, but competent citizens and able statesmen.

F. L. D.

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### *A Chair of Music.*

IF WE are to fall in with the University idea which has gained such a strong hold among the faculty, alumni, and students, every tendency which looks to a broadening of our curriculum should meet with our hearty approval. Philosophy and Science are but a part of that broad culture at which higher education aims. Here in Princeton, while Philosophy has always had an ardent expounder and advocate in the person of our President, and Science has enrolled

in her service the talents of two of the most distinguished Professors in our land, Art has found just grounds for reproach in the meagre reception which has greeted her willingness to come and take up her abode among us.

The Art School is yet, as we may say, in embryo. But the idea having once taken root, it now seems as though we were on the point of having a considerable addition to this certainly not unimportant branch of culture.

The improvement noticeable in the quality of our Chapel music has been in a great measure due to the efforts of Prof. Milner, and it is to be hoped that our musical proclivities are not to find their only gratification in Chapel service.

The College has probably heard something of Prof. Milner's lecture course which is to be given during the coming month. The lectures, we understand, are designed to be popular, and to be illustrative of the science as it existed long ago, among the Egyptians, Israelites and Greeks. Considerable interest will naturally attach itself to the discussion of the discovery of the musical scale—a stroke of genius accredited along with our other excellences to the Greek mind. We are also to be treated to the rendition of what is believed to be a piece of *bona fide* Greek musical composition—which will probably be musical in the same sense that Greek tragic choruses are practical.

This brief and unsatisfactory indication as to the purposes of the course is sufficient to show that an effort will be made to give a faithful account of the earlier stages of musical development.

Upon the results which we may reasonably hope will flow from a systematic presentation of a theme which will be interesting to many, we base the expectation that a chair of music will be added to the curriculum of Art studies. Prof. Milner comes to us after a period of study in Berlin and Breslau, with the prime requisites of a successful lecturer—thorough acquaintance with his theme and devotion to the art which is its basis.

*A Commencement Hall.*

PHILOSOPHERS say that true life is a preparation for death and death is life's great reality; and what is our college life but a preparation for that supreme day when the Doctor shall pronounce our course here finished and we sadly part from all our associates with a solemn "*Morituri salutamus?*" and what is commencement day but the great reality, the ultimatum of college life? and being such, it is to my mind a convincing argument for that extreme idealism which would "convert all reality into a marvelous dream;" for what could be more dreamy or ideal than our commencement! The undergraduate looks forward with keen anticipation to its pleasures, the "Soph" Reception, and he feels himself a match for Briareus with his hundred arms, class day, and he is tickled for weeks beforehand with the "joy" he expects the Presentation Orator and Historian will extract from the celebration of the class.

And the old Alumnus, how he must look back on his commencement, and as he thinks of the "fellows" a smile will thaw those wrinkles on his brow and the years will cease for a time snowing on his head.

Now it is natural for all to wish to die as becomingly and comfortably as possible.

And thus the class, also, always desires to have its last rites performed decently and in order, so that glowing obituaries, so to speak, will appear in the leading dailies, and the ladies, many of whom take almost the delight in a funeral which they do in a wedding, will pronounce the affair "a decided success." To this end the flowers, music and addresses are provided with as much taste and talent as possible, and we even conduct these class funerals of ours in a CHURCH; and now I am coming to what I want to speak of.

Our church, in which the commencements of the past have been held, has up to this time been sufficiently commodious and suitable, and it must be confessed that, apart from "raisons de convenance," there is a certain fitness in starting out in life from the shadow of a sanctuary. But now that we are about to "enlarge the borders of our garments" by donning the university gown we think some more spacious auditorium is needed, and where could a better or more appropriate place be found than in our proposed Art Building?

Literature and Art go hand in hand, and if Art obtain a fitting temple for her worship she should extend the hospitality of her dwelling to Literature.

Then no longer shall we have to worship the Literary muse in the stuffy and incommodious University Hall, and then no longer shall her adorers, the Hall-men, profane the church with their unhallowed cheers; but instead, we can attend our lectures, concerts and commencements in a place, which, by ministering to our æsthetic sensibilities, shall also increase our appreciation of the entertainments there given.

And if at first old associations do not cluster round the new Art Building as about the other buildings of our campus, yet in time memory will twine about the walls of this proposed "Commencement Hall" with as much lingering fondness as the ivy around the walls of Old Nassau.

K. F.

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### *An Unappreciated Alumnus.*

PRINCETON cannot boast of many poets in the long line of her distinguished graduates. When a son of hers does not arise to poetic eminence it is all the more fitting that she should bestow on him honors worthy of herself. Such a one is Geo. H. Boker, of the Class of 1842. Although

one of the most successful of our dramatic poets, he has not received at the hands of his Alma Mater the praise which he certainly deserves. Few even know that he is a Princeton man. We do not claim for him a place among the great poets, but he is at least entitled to a prominent place among Princeton's "*literati*." His principal plays are "*Calagnos*," "*Anne Boleyn*," "*Leonor de Gerzman*," and "*Francesca da Rimini*." These all show considerable dramatic power and the different characters stand out as true portraits of the people of those times. In "*Anne Boleyn*" the soliloquy beginning—

"What means this heavy feeling at my heart?

What means the king by this unwonted coldness?"

is highly dramatic and one of the main objects of tragedy is attained. We are moved to pity the unfortunate, if unwise, queen.

Mr. Boker, however, has not confined himself to drama, but has written some very exquisite poems. The one evincing the highest merit, and best known to readers of poetry, is undoubtedly "*The Ivory Carver*." The prelude opens with a conversation between three spirits, two of whom are depressed by the fact that

"Human guilt and human woe  
Are ever stirring in the blood,"

and causing mankind misery and sorrow. The third spirit holds a different view of man and his capability of progress, slow though it must be. The poem itself begins with the following lines, remarkable for their beauty of thought and expression:

"Silently sat the artist alone,  
Carving a Christ from the ivory bone.  
Little by little, with toil and pain,  
He won his way through the sightless grain  
That held and yet hid the thing he sought,  
Till the work stood up, a growing thought.

And all around, unseen yet felt,  
A mystic presence forever dwelt,  
A formless spirit of subtle flame,  
The light of whose being went and came  
As the artist paused from work, or bent  
His whole soul to it with firm intent."

The keynote of the whole poem is struck when the carver says to his wife :

"I labor by day, I labor by night;  
The Master ordered, the work is right.  
Pray that he strengthen my feeble good;  
For much must be conquered, much withstood."

The "Queen's Touch" is another beautiful poem, founded on an incident in the life of Isabel, Queen of Spain. The gist of the poem is contained in the concluding lines :

—"Sir," she said,  
"Why are those papers on the altar pall?"  
"They hold the names, your majesty, of all  
Condemned to death by law. The one you touch  
Shall surely live. The ancient rule is such."  
Without a pause to weigh it, the great thought  
Burst from her nature, as she sprang and caught,  
Hither and thither, at each fatal scrawl—  
Gathered the whole—and, ere she let them fall,  
A gracious look to the rapt court she gave,  
And softly said, "See, señors, see, I have  
A little hand, but I can touch them all!"

These few quotations, limited as they must be, are yet sufficient to show that Boker is a poet, and one, too, of no mean rank. His style is agreeable and flowing, and at times he gives evidence of unmistakable poetic talent. Princeton should be proud of him and not bewail, as she often does, her sad fate, in that there are no poets among her graduate sons.

W. H. F.



## Editorials.

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THE prize for the best series of three short poems has been awarded to Mr. F. L. Drummond. The poems forming the successful series are "*A Sonnet*," published in number five, "*One Summer Day*," published in number seven, and "*Dreaming*," found in this issue.

Our thanks are due Profs. Raymond and Winans, who kindly acted as critical judges.

The contest was very satisfactory, and it may be possible to publish some of the submitted poems in the March issue.

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## Facts.

WE WOULD call special attention to the facts presented in the *Voice* in this issue, entitled "*A Suggestion*." They are such as every Princeton man should be familiar with, and lament. Either there has been a marked change in Princeton and her literary growth is not only no longer commensurate with her prosperity in other directions, but is declining, or else there is some one obstacle to the efficiency of the library. Some have attempted to explain these facts on the grounds that Athletics were absorbing our attention: But are there any more Athletics here now than there were in 1884? Why is it that as the electives are increased, optional and post-graduates courses founded and expanded, the number of books taken from the library decreases instead of increases? Why does this falling off date from a certain time last year? Why is it that such a comparatively small number of Freshmen borrow books from the library? We

would all assign one cause if asked these questions. We predicted it a year ago. We were asked to wait and try it. We have done so and the facts show the result. These facts demand an explanation—not one in the way of assigning a hypothetical reason, but a cause which the facts will substantiate.

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### *Scientific Loafing.*

THERE is a certain class of individuals, of whom there is a fair sized representation in the College of New Jersey, which deserves to command a more widespread admiration and to be more generally imitated than it is. Perhaps one of the strongest reasons for this defection in numbers and spirit, is the fact that these gentlemen have not been recognized as they should be by the contemporary press, and this evil, as far, at least, as lies within our province, we propose to remedy. Another reason for this inactive state of affairs, more potent, perhaps, than the above-named, is the fundamental tenet of this guild, the very tap-root of their easy-going religion, namely, “never do anything that can *just as well* be put off”—we wish to emphasize the words in italics, for though these gentlemen confessedly belong to the Grand Army of Loafers, they are in themselves an entirely distinct body, quite above the common herd, and may best be designated by the distinguishing name of Scientific Loafers.

We doubt whether many of the gentlemen, themselves, would recognize this title, bestowed as it is from an extraneous and unofficial source, but from what we know of their habits and characteristics, we feel certain that the term will find acceptance among, by far, the larger majority, simply because it is quite too much *unnecessary* trouble to make up a name for themselves. We may see from this that they claim no sort of an organization. Such, indeed, would be

repugnant to their spirit of individual action—or inaction, as the case may be; and if, by denominating them a guild, above, we have given a false impression of their organizing tendencies, we hasten to retract the word, for nothing is farther from the truth. Each one is for himself, an individual operator, accountable only to himself. The most that their mutual relations ever bring forth is a mild feeling of brotherhood and a gentle desire of associating with one another in preference to others who are either more or less energetic than themselves—that is, the busy or the lazy men.

But perhaps the class as a whole would be better understood if we examine the individual: His many fine qualities are brought out in strong colors here at college, where his highest ambition is to do the best possible with the least possible amount of work. He never studies at night, and it is like catching a weasel asleep to find him studying in the daytime, yet he does study a little every day, for, though he could get along “on his cheek” throughout the term quite as well as the majority, yet he knows too well what would be the result during examination week. Then when the habitual loafer is studying harder than any two men in the class, he is taking his ease, as he always does, in calm confidence, for, instead of wearing himself out one part of the time doing nothing, and wearing himself out the rest of the time doing entirely too much, he distributes his burdens according to his grand philosophic maxim, “make the best possible showing with the least possible work,” and that means, of course, a general average. It is needless to say that his course is highly successful.

We could dwell at length upon many of his high qualities, and could particularize numerous achievements, but, remembering that our field is too broad for details, we wish only to call attention to the fact that the college world is a very small corner of his field of operation. During vacation he is the most rewarded, not developing into a self-avenger,

like the loafer proper, nor, on the other hand, into a "bright lexicon of youth," like the diligent apostle of Greek roots. He never bores himself, and very seldom bores his friends; he is never idle, and he is never busy; and when he is well on in life, fat, ruddy and good-natured, long after other men have ceased to think of vacations he continues to take his little "relaxations," and he passes his life thoroughly respected, admired by his inferiors and liked by his superiors, happy in the possession of an eminent mediocrity.

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### *The Curriculum.*

PRINCETON'S position relative to the great educational questions of the day has been firmly and concisely stated. The country has no doubts as regards the place we assign religion in college, and the limited elective system is fast becoming known as the Princeton system. Standing, then, as Princeton does, the advocate and staunch supporter of certain fundamental principles of education, the model of minor institutions, it is all the more imperative that her curriculum should be the most perfect possible under the system. The realization at once of such an ideal every one knows to be impossible; for the flaws in the intricate workings of a four-years' college course only become apparent after the system has been in operation for some time, and a full elective system expanded to its utmost capacity can never be attained so long as knowledge increases and new courses of study are constantly developed.

For these reasons careful revisions of the curriculum should be made, from time to time, for the purpose of remedying imperfections, and the admitting of true knowledge as taught in recently developed branches.

Such a revision we think desirable at the present time; for certainly the schedule, as it stands, is not perfect, neither have we as yet been able to introduce courses in all desirable branches of knowledge.

That the Senior year is overcrowded is evident to both faculty and students. To demand of this class as much time as is required from any other class, and in subjects far more difficult than pursued in any other year, is quite contrary to the spirit of our colleges and universities. The disadvantages of so pressing the class need not be repeated here, as they were presented in the *LIT.* a short time ago, and are manifestly evident. There is the possible objection that those in the sixth group don't feel this weight, but a curriculum should never be arranged for either extreme of a class, but the average ability should be considered with the preference in favor of those who take advantage of the many educating influences found at Princeton outside of the curriculum proper.

Several changes could be made, we think, tending to relieve their difficulty, improve the schedule of other classes, and leave room for the introduction of new branches. Chemistry, a study seldom found now in a Senior year schedule, could no doubt be more profitably studied in Sophomore year, thus relieve the Seniors of two hours a week and securing to the student thus early in his course a knowledge of a subject which would be of advantage to him in the study of the advanced sciences in Junior and Senior years. If this crowded Sophomore year the advisability of taking one hour from both Latin and Greek might profitably be considered. Biology, one of the Senior electives, would not be so separated from those branches which lead up to it if it were made a Junior elective. A recent *Voice* presented very clearly the difficulties to the Physics course; most of these could be removed if a required course in practical physics of two hours was substituted for the four hours required in first term and three hours in second and

third term, and an elective offered in theoretical and mathematical physics.

The range of electives in Junior year is entirely too narrow, and many students are obliged to fill up the time they are required to elect with subjects they would not take if any others were offered.

Such electives as are of a broad, general value, as electives of this nature, would decrease the probability of a poor choice, and such as could be pursued advantageously during that year should be transferred to it, thus giving place for the introduction of new electives in Senior year and making Junior more profitable.

It is patent that our courses in social and political science, as well as in the English department, need expanding and developing. The critical period through which our country is passing demands of our educational institutions that they give their students the most thorough and accurate knowledge of sociology.

The Art School in its advancement must have an opportunity to introduce new electives. It might be well to consider the feasibility of establishing honor courses in certain advanced electives; that is, permitting some electives to be chosen only by those who have attained very high groups in those departments. This would prevent the confusion which is feared from extending too far the elective system, and would tend to produce still greater specialization in the lines of the natural capacities of the students making the choice, and give the instructor a class qualified to do extra work in his department. If our elective system can have every few years a careful revision made under the latest advance in the science of education and the demands of the day, we need have no fears for the future of a system which is meeting the approval of the best thought of the country.

## Literary Gossip.

Come when the rains  
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,  
While the slant sun of February pours  
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach !  
The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps,  
And the broad arching portals of the grove  
Welcome thy entering. Look ! the massy trunks  
Are cased in the pure crystal ; each light spray,  
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,  
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,  
That glimmer with an amethystine light.  
But round the parent stem the long low boughs  
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide  
The glassy floor.

—Bryant.

THE GOSSIP'S chats are drawing so near to their ending that he is sorely perplexed in these last days to know what advice to give his readers. All kinds of advice, however, are so little heeded in these dogmatic days of "enlightened selfishness," and inclination has proved itself to be so superior a guide of life, that, from fear that any indulgence in counsel on my part would prove but wasted breath, I forbear.

Our talks have dwelt so often upon musty tomes and olden days that I should like, to-night, to take a peep with you into the future. Sometimes, you know, circumstances point so conclusively in certain directions that it is not altogether unsafe to assume prophetic insight and forecast the coming days. After listening upon a late evening to an animated conversation prompted by a recent editorial in the columns of our Esteemed Contemporary upon the subject of Princeton University, it was not a matter of wonderment, on retiring, that, as I slept, I dreamed. And behold I saw in my dream a wondrous sight. For lo ! "old things had passed away and all things had become new." By a special Providence, I was permitted to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth commencement of Princeton University in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred ninety-seven.

I at once began to look about for objects dear to memory. All were gone. I inquired if the Art School had proved a great success, and learned with sorrow that the magnificent edifice had long ago crumbled to dust. Evolution, which a little over a century before was rapidly developing an age of mind, had wrought out its ceaseless and resistless laws, until now spirit only reigned supreme. All sensuous existence had passed away, and Princeton University was a centre of spirit, where



potential mind was being stored up year by year. Literature and science were relics of uncivilized days. An unquenchable impulse led me to ask the fate of the LIT., but I found that the very recollection of it had evidently ceased years before. There was, however, a vague tradition—nothing more—of a "Literary Gossip," whose soul, airy, fairy and ethereal, had survived a long time into this age of pure spirit, but had at last, owing to the traces of its original imprisonment in bodily frame, succumbed in the general dissolution of matter. I was greatly troubled to reconcile Princeton's having become a University with the laws of the State of New Jersey, which alter not, and which had stood in the way during my student days. Their control, however, I learned, had ceased when the place assumed its spiritual character, and now a large Medical School was going at full blast, though the exact end in view in a world devoid of body it was difficult to imagine. A stray Law School had found its way to Princeton at the time when the full perfection and purity of mind had made all further commands and sanctions unnecessary. And just as evolution had reached its millennium in the development of perfect holiness, the Seminary, no longer needed elsewhere, had consented to figure as the Theological Department of Princeton University.

The Commencement orators communicated their thoughts to their invisible audience by nervous transmission from mind to mind, the thought's inherent depth and power standing for the eloquence of the days of flesh. Now and again a gentle thrill, which passed from one to another, was the only evidence of applause. As the prizes were awarded a quiver in the air seemed to indicate that the shades of Whig and Clio Halls were cheering. As the latter increased the sensation resembled that experienced in a strong electric field, until the imminence of a flash which should annihilate us all so alarmed me that—I was awakened by the tolling of the chapel bell, warning me that prayers that morning for me were a very chimerical supposition. Waking dreams are often thought to possess the power to realize themselves, but, with a frantic, despairing cry to heaven that this one might prove a delusion, I rushed out, glad even to get a gallery seat and listen to the prayers offered that morning for Princeton College; glad, too, to know that this dear old *Alma Mater* was still mine; glad to look forward to the glorious old third term, which would come once more for me, with its balmy evenings and delights; and that while under the moonlight shadows of the elms and the old belfry the birds were singing their good-night lays to their mates, I should still hear, mingled with them, the Seniors singing over for the last times their farewell songs.

The quiet and simple grandeur of Princeton College is good enough for me, and it would sorely grieve me to see it transplanted by the cold indifference of a stately university. The rabid spirit of specialism which is strengthening its hold in every possible line of study, is rapidly sap-

ping all the comfort and joy out of life. There are enough forces to destroy the buoyancy and freedom of young manhood as soon as we encounter the world. May Jove and all the powers of the unseen universe assist us to keep the pristine simplicity and easy-going liberty of our college life as free as possible from this distant, cheerless, analytic, elective and university spirit; from "this everlasting boring of gimlet holes and calling it depth."

I have no desire to be deep and sedate, or to become a specialized framework of spiritless humanity, until my college days are over at least. And if I ever have any sons—but I am presuming; I had almost forgotten, in the inspiration of the moment, my intended continuance in bachelorhood. I mean that if the sons of the present classes ever come to Princeton for their education—and no other supposition is more natural—I hope that they will still find the good, old-fashioned Princeton College here. Perhaps by that time Evelyn will have assumed the dignity of Fair Princeton, and the members of 1920 and 1930 will play at tennis and read Chaucer and Shakespeare, and take their moonlight rambles with Saccharissima and Dulcissima. Well, we could not possibly object; we could merely note, not with regret, but with satisfaction, the growing advantages of collegiate life from generation to generation.

But to what end is this endless chat? Perhaps none. Do not imagine me vain enough to think that this small talk can exert the slightest influence upon the resistless laws and tendencies of life. There is a certain indecribable pleasure, however, which comes to the Gossip in playing his part of autocrat, in having his say, while he is so thoroughly shielded from dispute. There is such an amount of merciless logic and unfeeling science in the world to-day that I take delight in holding with the conservative opposition of letters, which is striving to preserve the heart of humanity. I have never yet seen science "rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care," and I derive daily comfort from my faith, that "as long as the heart hath sorrows," the quiet shades of literature will be needed for its comfort. "What would you think of a lover," as Dr. Holmes has said, "who should describe the idol of his heart in the language of science thus: Class, Mammalia, Order, Primates, Genus, Homo, Species, Europeus, Variety, Brown, Individual, Ann Eliza?"

If the recommendation of books were not as precarious and foolish as the recommendation of personal friends, I should like to advise you to read two recent volumes in the "English Worthies" series, by Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson has put us greatly in his debt by these two works; he has rescued for us Fielding and Steele, two men whose equal for heart and fineness of sensibilities it would be hard to find in the list of English prose writers. His Steele is especially good, and if you have ever developed a love for Dick, you will feel very grateful to him under whose discriminating pen "Richard is himself again."

## Editor's Table.

Each heart has its haunted chamber  
Where the silent moonlight falls !  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps ;  
There are whispers along the walls !

—Longfellow.

IN THIS book-producing age one is often led to ask, "What is the real motive that prompts the writer?" Has he some sincere "whispers along the walls" of his heart which, from a philanthropic spirit, he wishes to disseminate for the amelioration of his fellows? Or, which is perhaps the more probable, does he crave the notoriety and reputation of a *litterateur*? Or has this mercenary age compelled him to write altogether for pecuniary considerations? If the motive be either of the last two, divorced from the first, the quality and character of our literature is determined. If so, the writer must cater in style and views to the whims of his readers. He must listen to catch the import of "mysterious footsteps," but, alas! not on the floor of his own heart, but those of his readers. And to how great an extent do we see this tendency, particularly among novelists! Fiction must no longer be opposed to what is real, but feigned natural facts. Fairy tales and ideal inventions and imaginative hallucinations have lost their charms for this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, and so the novelist, courting popular favor, must change his style accordingly. But little less is this same spirit seen in periodical literature and in more extended works. And we suppose it is right that an author should so write that he may hope to be well received, notwithstanding the fact that he may have to modify some of his ideas, but this practice carried to the extreme is sooner or later bound to deteriorate literature. Time was when literature moulded public opinion, but now public opinion determines literature.

To attempt to suggest the motive of the college writer would be a hopeless task. He is, however, free from the charge of writing from mercenary motives. So exempt from this and despairing of obtaining literary fame, we have no fears for the future of college literature.

The January number of the *Amherst Lit.* opens with an article entitled "The Isles of Shoals." Though we are unable to say whether the article is meant for a sketch or a story, or what, yet it gives some very interesting information in regard to the said Isles of Shoals, the charms of which, the writer says, have been "exquisitely portrayed" by Lowell.

In our search for an essay or some solid article we are disappointed. Evidently the new departure of fiction in college magazines has been carried to the extreme in this issue, and it is not till we come to the editorials and "Window Seat," that we find much to praise. The editorials are noticeable for their pith and strength, and the "Window Seat" for its easy, jolly, and natural way of treating of the social side of college life.

We now turn to the *Yale Lit.*, "the oldest and most prominent of college publications" (*Yale News*). The first article is "Bohemianism in Student Life." After drawing an analogy between the "college world" and the world at large, and stating that "Bohemianism is a quality noticeable the world over," the writer goes on to say what he means by Bohemianism, and to point out the Bohemian characteristics in college life, evidently taking Yale as his example. Among other prominent Bohemian qualities, he cites the principle that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and says, "think too, of the amount of preparation that is daily accomplished after the peripatetic fashion *en route* from chapel to recitation, of the numbers of compositions that are forced into existence only during the last available hours before they fall due!" and more of the same sort about "cramming" for examinations. Surely not a very desirable side of college life to make known, particularly by a college called "The normal type of the American college" (*Yale Lit.*). Farther on in the number we find a short but pithy essay on "Thackeray in Henry Esmond." The writer alludes very forcibly to the similarity between the character of Henry Esmond and the real experience of Thackeray. The fiction of the number is probably better than the other departments.

Prominent among many good things in the *Williams Lit.* for February are its essays. "Charles Lamb" and "Shelley" are the subjects. Perhaps no one receives more attention from the undergraduate pen than Shelley. Older heads also find him a fruitful object of study, notably James A. Harrison, in *The Critic* of February 12th, 1887. The *Lit.* has a good treatment of the subject. We take a few leading ideas from the essay on "Charles Lamb." The idiosyncracies of Lamb's character first receive the attention of the writer. He then makes a strong defense of Lamb's somewhat "paradoxical opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on the stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever." The latter part of the essay is taken up with a description of the plot of "Dissertations upon Roast Pig," and a criticism of it. This part is abundantly and forcibly illustrated by select quotations. The essay closes very uniquely, as follows: "Considering the writer with the play, we can only exclaim, 'marvelous incongruity!' But a man may be a writer without being a dramatist. Charles Lamb was one; a man from whom friends and readers caught his sad smile without its sadness, and a writer who has given a wonder-

ful delight to millions of readers by his variety, his pathos, his humor, and a weakness for puns that caused him, in a moment of bitterest sorrow and adversity, to write that he and his sister were the "shorn Lambs to whom the wind was tempered." The following sonnet is worthy of being quoted:

## MOON FANCIES.

"A somnolence creeps o'er the silent sands,  
That stills the quiver in the whispering reeds;  
The mumbing sea is counting of his beads,  
Droning a prayer to the responsive lands.  
A dream comes floating from the feathery foam,  
Veiled in a fleece that seems itself a dream.  
Along the white-capped crests, a wandering beam  
Of laughing, elfin light dares hither roam,  
Glinting some shell late stranded by the gale,  
E'en peering through the gateway of my soul,  
Where, brother tempests, love and wonder roll,—  
And bathes the portal with refulgence pale.  
Sweet symphony, though speechless, yet so strong,  
Thy harmony thrills my thought with song."

The February number of the *Century* is of especial interest, and particularly to Princeton. Among the diversified array of topics of vital and present importance, such as "The Life of Lincoln," covering his first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer; "The Stars," by Professor Langley, and Professor Lanciani's article on "Recent Discoveries of Works of Art in Rome," timely and profitable reading in conjunction with his lectures we have had the privilege of hearing, there is an excellent biographical sketch of Dr. McCosh. As a frontispiece, the magazine has also a portrait of President McCosh. Of his personal characteristics, the writer, John VanCleve, says: "His personality is thoroughly Scotch, and his address very impressive—not to say aggressive. With a massive but spare frame, which, when his mind is roused, abandons its scholarly stoop and towers above expectation, is combined an unusual nervous force, which often manifests itself in vigorous gestures. His head and brow are even more expressive of power; even to the usual observer the broad forehead and keen eyes bring into prominence his well-known capacity for an impetuous, unyielding, intellectual onset. But in repose the philosopher and the divine stand revealed in the bowed and meditative attitude which is customary, and in the wrapt, abstracted expression of the features, and in the contemplative poise of the head so familiar to all who have paused to observe him in his daily walks." The writer describes Princeton thus: "The streets of Princeton form lovely vistas of deep shade and glancing sunlight, \* \* \* \* \* and Old Nassau itself muses upon the changes of nearly two centuries." How many have ever thought of Princeton as being worthy of such a description? and yet such is the almost universal exclamation of third term visitors.

## Books.

ESSAYS ON THE ART OF PHEIDIAS. By Charles Waldstein. (New York: The Century Company, publishers.)

The commencement of the study of classical archaeology is of comparatively recent date, but since it began rapid advance has been made, and light thrown on historical subjects before in darkness. Dr. Schliemann has made some remarkable discoveries in his excavations at Ilium. Prof. Lanciani has exhumed some hidden treasures of Rome, and Dr. Waldstein has made some very profitable "first-hand research" in Grecian and Italian Archaeology, of which the volume named above is in part the product. This volume is a collection of nine essays. The first two are of a "general character, the one on the methods of the study of archaeology, the other on the spirit of the art of Pheidias. These are meant to prepare the reader for the ready appreciation of the investigations following them." "After the first two essays, the rest serve to complete the whole range of the subject. The sculptures of the Parthenon are dealt with in five essays, as they naturally follow one another in time and in growth of the artist's own development. The third deals with the Metopes; the fourth, with the Western Pediment; the fifth, with the Eastern Pediment; the sixth, with the Frieze, and the seventh, with the subject of the Frieze. The eighth deals with the gold and ivory statues, while the ninth and last considers the influence of the work of Pheidias upon the Attic sculpture of the period immediately succeeding the age of Pericles." Those interested in the study of art, and all should be, and those who had the enviable privilege of hearing Dr. Waldstein's lecture on "The Art of Pheidias," will be more than pleased with the appearance of this volume. All of Dr. Waldstein's fine qualities as a lecturer, clear and fine cut distinctions, acuteness of thought and forcible expression are brought out more plainly, if possible, in his writings. Dr. Waldstein is especially fitted to speak on this subject because he has made it his life work, and these essays command the greater interest because they are the product of his original research. To those making a specialty of the study of art this volume is invaluable. It should, by all means, be in our libraries.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE. By Robert Browning. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.)

The simple announcement of Mr. Browning's books is sufficient. They need no critical comment. This volume of excellent poems is

introduced by a dialogue between Apollo and the Fates, and concluded by another between John Fust and his friends. Under this unique title of "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day" the poet has put in beautiful verse feigned conversations with such men as Bernard De Mandeville, Christopher Smart *et al.* The poetry is of Mr. Bröwning's usual high quality, and the book deserves as universal reading as his former works.

ENGLISH HYMNS; THEIR AUTHORS AND HISTORY. By Samuel W. Duffield. (Funk & Wagnalls, publishers.)

The excellence of this volume, both as a compact history of hymns and a brief biography of their authors, is shown more by the fact that in five months the first edition of three thousand volumes was exhausted than by anything that can be said in its favor. Former histories of hymns have either been too voluminous for general use, and, "therefore, dry reading and useless to all except the musty grubbers among old hymn-books," or else they have dealt with some one particular phase of hymnology. Here we have a general guide to the whole subject of English hymns. All "dead statistics" and unnecessary "history of alterations" and "sentimental tradition concerning the origin and use" of hymns contained in former hymn histories have been excluded, and yet all useful information is retained, so that the pith of the matter is reached without a search of volumes. The arrangement of the hymns, annotated or mentioned, is alphabetical, and a very convenient index of authors and a chronological table of English and American hymn writers is added. Coming as it does from an authority, and one whose good judgment and high appreciation of the grand old hymns is universally known, the importance of the volume is greatly enhanced. There is a good deal of information for a moderate size book. While the above is of general value to every educated man, it will be especially valuable to those who are studying for the ministry.

BALLADS OF THE REVOLUTION. By G. L. Raymond. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.)

Another volume of poems from Professor Raymond, making his fourth book within a year, is indeed an agreeable surprise to his many friends. The press notices of his poetry have always been highly favorable and the literary world now acknowledges him a poet with all that the name implies. This beautiful little volume of true poetry is valuable, not only from the poetic standpoint, but because it contains much important historical information, thus serving to gratify the æsthetic nature and the intellectual at the same time. It deserves universal perusal.



THEIR PILGRIMAGE. By Charles Dudley Warner. (New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers.)

It is doubtful whether a more happy hit could have been made by Mr. Warner than weaving into a romantic tale the characteristics and peculiar qualities of various American watering places. It is doubtful also whether one with less felicity of expression and a less humorous vein and less vividness of description could have succeeded in so difficult an undertaking. The probability is that such a task attempted by any other than he would have degenerated into a compilation of uninteresting facts and dry statistics. So much the more, then, is Mr. Warner to be congratulated on his immense success. The thread that binds together the whole is the lovemaking of Irene Benson and Stanhope King, giving interest and fascination to the reader as he proceeds. This delightful story is charmingly illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. Mr. Warner's reputation as a humorist of the highest order is now well established, and indeed he must be put very near the head of the list of American humorists. For apt illustrations, vivid and humorous descriptions and elegance in make-up, this volume is a model.

LE ROMANTISME FRANÇAIS. Edited by Thomas Frederick Crane, A. M. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. \$1.50.)

A most judicious selection from writers of the French Romantic School (1824-1848), designed for the use of schools and colleges. Such text-books as the above are indeed a decided improvement on the old prosy ones generally used, and their adoption would give new zest and interest to the study of the modern languages in our colleges. This collection is calculated to show the historical development of French Romanticism and to give the student an idea of the style of the most important writers of that period, such as Victor Hugo, Alfred De Musset, George Sand and others, at the same time that he is mastering the French language. A lengthy introduction contains much valuable information and a carefully prepared list of books to be consulted will greatly facilitate the study of the Romantic School of French Literature. The editor has done a good work.

SOCIAL STUDIES. By R. Heber Newton. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.)

That Mr. Newton has made a profound study of the social problems of the day does not admit of question. Some of his conclusions will be rejected by men fully as competent to judge as he is himself, but none will deny that he here presents a large amount of valuable information, and that, in the main, his treatment is just to all parties. Some of the topics discussed are as follows: "Coöperation," "Moral Education in Public Schools," "The Religious Aspect of Socialism," "The Prevention of Intemperance."

RAILWAY PRACTICE. By E. Porter Alexander. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. 75 cents.)

The above is a thorough examination of "The Railways and the Republic," by Hudson; Prof. Ely's article on "Railways" in *Harper's Magazine* for July, August and September, 1886, and the "Reagan Interstate Commerce Bill." The discussion of the subject is timely, clear and logical, and the volume especially valuable as a brief and compact manual on the Railway Problem.

POEMS. By James Vila Blake. ESSAYS. By the same. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers. Each volume, \$1.00.)

When a newly-discovered comet is seen from two or more points of view, astronomers are able to tell whether it will return in an elliptical orbit or pass off into the immensity of space never to return. So, when a writer appears before the world in two distinct spheres, prominent in both, it must recognize his innate literary ability, and will surely look for his re-appearance.

Both as an essayist and a poet the above writer has been heretofore unknown, but the excellency of both poems and essays show a true literary spirit. As an essayist his characteristics seem to be breadth of thought and research, skill in quotation and originality in expression. And while the titles of the essays, such as "Of Patience," "Of Choice," "Of Death," etc., smack more of the cloister of the middle ages than of modern practical life, yet this treatment shows the opposite. We almost imagine we are reading Bacon. As a poet the writer shows imaginative powers of a high quality, and a true poetic genius. To find anything poetic in "Wild Rice" certainly requires a very vivid imagination, and yet the writer has given us an exquisite poem on this subject, and also a new relish for the dish. The poetic translations are excellent. May the writer favor us again.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE. By William Henry Bishop. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.)

Mr. Bishop has the power of making both interesting, instructive and entertaining whatever he writes. His success as a novelist is indicated by the wide circulation of "The Home of a Merchant Prince," "Detwold," and his other stories. The above is fully up to his usual high standard, which fact is attested by its popular acceptance while running as a serial in the *Atlantic*. It is a very pleasing story, told in excellent style. The descriptions are vivid. While the plot seems to be rather a strained conception in the mind of the writer than what is likely to happen in real life, this seeming defect is more than over-balanced by the other excellent qualities of the novel. It deserves as great success as his former works.

BROWNING'S WOMEN. By Mary E. Burt. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers. \$1.00.)

There is a good deal of truth in the saying that an author is his own best interpreter. But on the other hand there are some authors whose style and thought are such that not all have either the time or the ability to make a close and critical study of them. Such is Browning, and by such as are "too busy to devote sufficient time to the study of Browning's works to get at the poet's meaning," this excellent volume will be gladly received. In it "Miss Burt has pointed out many things in the character and lives of Browning's Women, which less careful readers than she might have passed unnoticed. The best good which she can do to her readers is to set them to study this, or indeed any poet, with systematic and tender care like hers, and not to be satisfied with reading as they run, or skate, or shoot along." As a woman writing about women, no one could have treated the subject with more fairness and justice to all than has Miss Burt. Such a help in the interpretation of Browning's Women has been long needed.

THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. By Bret Harte. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.)

No one can read Bret Harte without having a good hearty laugh, and yet sometimes have his laugh mingled with tender emotion. "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" is a perfect imaginative picture of an adventuresome and fickle little girl, "Polly" and her piratical companions. The discussion of the slide is described with remarkable vividness and pathos. Perfectly natural illustrations by Kate Grenaway make the story more real to the reader. If you want a half-hour of good solid enjoyment, read "The Queen of the Pirate Isle."

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS, THE NORMANS. By Sarah O. Jewett. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. \$1.50.)

Perhaps no people has disseminated more healthful characteristics through the blood of nations than have the Normans. The consequences dependent upon their conquest of England are incalculable. By it the subsequent history of Europe and America has been shaped. It is these important facts that give special value to this volume of "The Story of the Nations" series. The history is told chiefly in relation to the conquest of England by the Normans, and special prominence, very properly, given to William, The Conqueror. The whole series should be in every library.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.)

Whether we have a distinctive American and national literature is a question that has ceased to occupy the minds of Americans. With due

acknowledgment for our indebtedness to English literature, American literature now stands on its own firm basis as purely American. The appearance of such works as the above affirm and substantiate our statement. Former criticisms of American literature have been mainly expository. "Compendiums and guides and selections have had their work to do. Faithful workers have hunted up, set in order and described the older American books." But such descriptions no longer suffice. Criticisms must now be analytic and philosophic. Such is Mr. Richardson's. "What has been and what is the environment of our literature? What have been the relations between cause and effect, between the Saxon mind in England and the Saxon mind in America? What have American writers thus far done worthy to be mentioned beside Goethe, Shiller, Hugo, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot, and all the great writers of this and previous centuries? What of our books are world's books, and why? How and why have American writers succeeded and failed?" are some of the questions ably and judiciously discussed. Especially would we call attention to the chapters on "The Race-Elements in American Literature," "Political Literature" and "Essayists and Critics," as containing, we think, the writer's best efforts. As a compact but comprehensive critical study of American literature, the work can be highly recommended. The style is clear, analytic, forcible and very readable. We anxiously await the second volume of the work which will be devoted to American Poetry and Fiction. It will be published in 1888.

MCCLELLAN'S OWN STORY. By George B. McClellan. (New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., publishers.)

The best way to form a true, unbiassed and unprejudiced opinion of a truthful man is to read his memoirs and private letters. There, if anywhere, you find revealed his inner feelings and secret thoughts. This is particularly true of McClellan, because of his truthful and confiding nature. General McClellan always "abstained from a public reply to the various criticisms and misrepresentations of which he was the subject" during our civil war. If he mentioned them at all it was in his correspondence with his closest friends, and it is from these letters and memoirs and private documents collected in this volume that an impartial verdict must be drawn. "McClellan's Own Story" will not only vindicate his own position during the war, but will also throw a side light on many other interesting historical questions with which he was engaged during his life. No other general in our late war evoked so much personal affection from those under his command, and no recent collection of memoirs has aroused so much general interest from both friends and foes, for he had both close friends and bitter, envious enemies. But we venture to predict that a sincere and careful perusal of this series of letters will do much to turn enmity into friendship.

McClellan's posthumous work reveals his loyalty to his country, his self-sacrificing spirit as a citizen, his extraordinary ability as a general and commander, and his pure and generous character as a man. The press notices from all parts of the country show that the demand for this excellent work is almost universal.

ANCIENT CITIES. By William Burnet Wright. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A brief and spicy sketch of ancient cities, "from the dawn to the daylight." Each city "is indicated by the character of the man or men for whose influence the name of the city stands," *e.g.*, "Ur, the City of Saints;" "Babylon, the City of Sensualists," and "has been selected either because its history appears to illustrate pointedly some utterance of Christ, or because the manner in which it aided in preparing for the 'New Jerusalem,' is obvious." An excellent help in studying the history of Biblical cities.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. By Putnam P. Bishop. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This time Mr. Bishop, the author of "The Psychologist," of which Prof. J. H. Gilmore says, "I paid to this novel a compliment which I do not remember having paid to any other novel, save 'Jane Eyre'—read it through at a sitting," has favored us with an essay of marked superiority on American patriotism. Some of the subjects ably discussed are "Genesis and Growth" of patriotism, "The Right of Suffrage," "Vices Antagonistic to Patriotism," "Objections to the Merit System," "Fruits of the Spoils System," etc. The essay is replete with many valuable suggestions.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. By James M. Ludlow. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)

An historical novel of the struggle between the Christians and Moslems, covering the time of the great general, Scanderbeg, and the fall of Constantinople. The story is well told; the plot is somewhat intricate, but unfolds nicely, and the novel gives pleasure as well as impresses historical truths upon its readers.

#### MAGAZINES.

It is an open question whether the reader of the *March Atlantic* will most enjoy Mr. Lowell's poem, "Fancy or Fact?" with which the number begins, or Dr. Holmes's account of his recent trip abroad, called "Our Hundred Days"; for both are so admirable. There is an interesting paper on "Théophile Gautier," by James Breck Perkins, and this is

followed by the second part of Lawrence Saxe's "Lady from Maine," the best short story that the *Atlantic* has had for a long time. Agnes Repplier contributes an article on the "Curiosities of Criticism," and William Cranston Lawton has a paper on "The Hippolytos of Euripides,"—a paper so vivid that the reading of it gives one almost the impression of having been a spectator of the tragedy. There is an admirable criticism of "Longfellow's Art," by Mr. Horace E. Scudder; and there are also criticisms of "Agnes Surriage," of books about actors, and of recent poetry. Louise Chandler Moulton contributes a poem called "Come Back, Dear Days!" and the Contributors' Club and Books of the Month finish a well-rounded and readable number of the magazine.

In the February number of *Outing*, Colonel Charles L. Norton contributes a technical article on "Ice Yachting," with numerous illustrations by Kelly. Wheelmen are now justly jubilant over the completion of the most extraordinary journey by Thomas Stevens, *Outing's* special correspondent. His experiences in the Persian capital form the subject of this number—a fully illustrated article. The chapter of campaigning incidents, from the diary of a United States Army officer in chase of Geronimo, is illustrated by Remington. A technical lesson on the "Manly Art," clearly and plainly explained and illustrated by graphic cuts of the different movements, closes the number. Other departments contain a complete list of American out-door clubs and the principal records of the previous month.

The March number of *Scribner's Magazine* is an exceptionally fine one for articles of high literary and practical merit. It contains: "Portrait of M. Thiers;" frontispiece; engraved from the painting by Healy; in the possession of ex-Minister Washburne. "The Stability of the Earth;" N. S. Shaler; with illustrations drawn by E. J. Meeker, J. Steeple Davis, A. M. Turner, George Gibson, and C. E. Robinson, from photographs and diagrams furnished by the author. "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," a story; Joel Chandler Harris. "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris;" third paper—"The Commune," E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France; "Seth's Brother's Wife;" Chapter X.-XII; Harold Frederic. "The Story of a New York House; III; H. C. Bunner; illustrated by A. B. Frost. "An Interlude;" R. Armytage. "The Bayeux Tapestry; with illustrations from photographs of the tapestry; Edward J. Lowell. "The Residuary Legatee, or The Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin;" part Second—"The Codicil;" J. S. of Dale. "Ballade of the Penitents;" Andrew Lang. "What is an Instinct?" William James. "Father Andrei, the Story of a Russian Priest;" Robert Gordon Butler. "Cordon," a story; T. R. Sullivan.

Lucy C. Lillie contributes the complete novel to *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for March. It is entitled "Kenyon's Wife." The hero is a newspaper correspondent, the heroine is a native of the island, beautiful but unaccomplished, who by resolute endeavor makes herself a companion for her husband, and wins his love after marriage. Robert J. Burdette contributes the "Confessions of a Reformed Humorist," the quaint wit of which belies his pretended reformation. Another personal article of great interest is the Rev. W. H. Milburn's "Auto-biographical Notes of a Congressional Chaplain." Henry C. Lea attacks "The Policy of Insurance" in a paper full of pith and vigor. Fred. Perry Powers discusses "Rent and Taxes" from the point of view of an enthusiastic disciple of Henry George. There is a short story, "Was it Worth While?" by Barnet Phillips, one of the best short story writers in this country, whose magazine contributions are all too few. The present story is bright and amusing and unconventional. A poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled *Blaze*, is one of the finest things this poetess has written of late years. But perhaps the most important article in the number is "General John A. Logan," by "One who Knew Him."



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## Calendar.

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JAN. 19TH.—Goehring, '87, elected President, and McAlpin, '88, Secretary and Treasurer, of the Base Ball Association.....Whig Hall Prize Debate—1st, J. H. Pershing, '88; Honorable Mention, C. W. Rouse, '87, M. Alexander, '89.

JAN. 20TH.—Dr. Waldstein's lecture on "Michel Angelo," in University Hall.

JAN. 22D.—Students' Conference Committee elected, as follows: From '87—Greene, Johnson, Larkin, Reid, Robinson, F. Spaulding; from '88—Daniels, Farrand, H. Frazer; from '89—Bovaird, Neher; from '90—Charlton.

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